



## THE DWELLERS IN TENEMENTS.

The Problem of How They Shall Live. Antipathy Against the Country.

A tenement house in New York is defined by law as every house, building or portion thereof which is rented, leased, or hired out to be occupied, or is occupied as the home or residence of more than three families, living independently of one another and doing their cooking on the premises, or by more than two families upon a floor, so living and cooking, but having a common right in the hall, stairways and yards. There are many special laws relating to tenement houses in regard to fire escapes, ventilation, etc. Many efforts have been made to improve the construction of these buildings, but the density of the population, where they are in use, almost precludes the possibility of any reform in their sanitary condition. The peculiar shape of the island upon which New York city is built has contracted the population in the lower part, so that in one ward there are over 200,000 persons to the square mile, while in several others the population reaches nearly 200,000 to the square mile. The problem as to how these people shall live is a troublesome one. They themselves seem to have little concern about it and have adopted the motto of Chatterton's friend as to how and where they shall eat and sleep, "Don't know, don't care."

All philanthropy has failed which has had in view the removal of the poor from the city, where there is little room and little work, to the country, where there is too much room and too much work. No one has after this for many years to divide why so many of the poor people cling with so much tenacity to their unhealthy, uncomfortable homes, which cannot be called homes, and have such an unaccountable determination for given fields and unpolluted air. It was thought that the elevated railroads, with their cheap fares and rapid transit, might relieve somewhat the necessity for dwelling, but there is no little desire among the tenement population to get out of their present quarters that they will make no effort to help themselves.

As about one-half the population of the city lives in these houses, volunteer efforts have been made by capitalists to improve their construction, and at the same time make a return of a fair percentage on the money invested. Many a so-called model tenement house has been erected, but not one has as yet proved a perfect success, although the best talent of the architectural profession has been enlisted to solve the problem.—New York Cur. Cleveland Leader.

## THE DEAD IN THE MORGUE.

People Visit the Dismal Place Just to Satisfy Their Curiosity.

It was 7 o'clock a. m., and Joe Fogarty, the keeper of the Morgue, had just turned the key in the lock of his office door, when an elderly man and two women crossed the green extending between the Morgue and Bellevue hospital. The night previous the body of a well dressed young man had been brought to the Morgue. It was a case of suicide and the morning papers had long accounts of the young man's death, which, as well as his personality, were shrouded in mystery.

"Good morning, sir," said one of the women, who was young and prepossessing. "You have here, I believe, the body of a young man who killed himself last night in the hotel?"

"Yes, madam; would you like to see him?" asked Joe.

"Yes; we came here for that purpose." Joe led the way into the wooden shed called the dead house, and lifting the cover from an ordinary pine box exposed to view the body of the young man. The visitor looked at it in silence for a moment, and then the young woman said, in the same matter-of-fact tone in which she might have remarked upon the qualities of a picture:

"How beautiful he is! See!" pointing to a small red spot near the left temple, "that is where the bullet entered. Isn't it?" she asked, appealing to Joe.

"Yes," replied the latter; "you don't seem to recognize him?"

"Oh, no," she returned; "we did not expect to see curiosity was excited by the accounts in the morning papers. I was up early and I got up and came down and saw the body. What a mysterious affair! And he so young, too. I wonder what made him do it? Do you suppose it was a love affair?" The young woman continued to rattle along in a composed manner, while her parents a little inspected the body. They remained a quarter of an hour, and by the time they went away a number of other morbidly curious people had arrived. It was with difficulty that Joe got rid of them.

"Of all the pestiferous creatures in this world," said Joe to a reporter later in the day, "deliver me from these curious people who like to see nothing so well as a corpse. In many years I have been here I have never known of a single case that was published in the newspapers that did not bring a lot of these busybodies around. In cases where there was considerable publicity I have even known them to come here without their break fasts."

Last summer there was a case of a young woman who killed herself in a prominent hotel. Nobody knew who she was, and the papers published accounts about it. We actually had to call in the police to drive the crowd away. They were all well dressed people, we said decent respectable. Many of them, in fact, had the appearance of being wealthy. When the old farmer—whose daughter the suicide was—finally saw, red, he with difficulty seemed them. They seemed to have no sense of propriety, and placed him with all sorts of questions. It was a C. C. Crawford, some, and so had to use force to drive the poor broken hearted man to get away.—New York Mail and Express.

## Mr. and Mrs. Bower.

I suppose that Mr. Bower is like the majority of men in putting his best side before the public. The other morning when he left the house he knew that baby was sick, he had a headache and the clock was decided by cutting her hand on a piece of glass. I had told him that we were out of butter and coffee and potatoes, and he said he would stop and order them. Once on the car he forgot all about it, and at 11:30, meeting an old schoolmate, he insisted:

"Now, you come right up to dinner with me. I want you to see my house and my family and have a visit."

"But your wife won't be expecting company."

"Oh, you come right up to see Mr. wife and

my house are always ready for any visitors; I may bring home, and your presence won't cause us an iota of embarrassment."

At 11 o'clock I told Jane to pick up any sort of dinner for Mr. Bower, and at 12 Mr. Bower and his friend entered the house. Leaving him in the parlor, Mr. Bower rushed in on me with:

"Get into your Sunday clothes as soon as possible—dress the baby up—tell cock to have three kinds of meat—send for a nigger to wait on the table, and run through the rooms and pick up things."

"Mr. Bower, have you been idiot enough to bring some one home to dinner?"

"Of course I have. What is there wrong about that, I'd like to know?"

"Well, where are the groceries you were to order?"

"Groceries?—I forgot!"

"Jane can't use but one hand, while I should faint away if I tried to dress. You'll have to take him to a hotel."

"Never! When I invite a man to partake of my hospitality I'll never skulk him off to a hotel! It is a pretty state of affairs that my house is all upset in this manner at this time! Mrs. Bower, you and I must have a reckoning! I'll be hanged if I put up with such conduct as this!"

And then he returned to the parlor and I heard him say:

"Will, old fellow, I find a note from my Birdie (that's me) stating that she has taken the little angel (that's our wait-eyed baby) over to her sister's for the day, and our idiot of a cook didn't expect me home and has no dinner ready. We'll have to go down to the restaurant."

"That's all right. You've got a beautiful home here."

"And the richest little wife and the prettiest baby in all the world!" exclaimed Mr. Bower as he slipped his leg.

## COST NOTHING.

Story of a Man Who Ate Himself Rich Because Another Paid for It.

A curious looking old fellow, dressed in gray "homespun," was found lying in an alley. When questioned by some one he turned over with a groan and said:

"Go on away from here, now, and let me die."

"Why do you want to die?"

"Because I am a blamed fool."

"Come, get up; that's no excuse."

"Yes, it is. Go away, I tell you, and let me die."

"Haven't you been drinking?"

"No, I haven't touched a drop. Go on away and let me die, I tell you. A man that ain't got no more sense than I have ain't fit to live. It's dangerous for him to walk about."

"Come, tell me what you did."

With an effort and another groan he raised up, leaned back against the wall and said:

"If I tell you will you go on away?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll go you whether or no. Early this mornin' I come inter town an' met a feller that I knowed. He asked me to go round an' take breakfast with him. I had dun eat breakfast, but as he wasn't no expense to me I concluded that it wouldn't do to let the devils go to waste, so I went with him. I eat a long handled shovel full of butter cakes and drank four cups of coffee, argybin all the time that it wasn't costin' me nothin'."

After I got through I went knockin' for oil, an' putty soon met a feller that eat dinner with me while he was a candidate last summer. He said that it was gettin' putty well along in the day, but that if I'd go round home with him he'd keep up some breakfast. I started to say no, but reflectin' how he ate at my table, I went with him. On the way he got a lot of three here great long sausages. Well, I stored away about two pounds of them sausages, eat about my half of biscuits an' drank three cups of coffee. By this time I was putty well filled up, but shortly afterwards one of the boys that lives out my way told me that he had found a saloon where they put out a whole lot of vittals an' let people eat all they wanted to, so as it didn't cost nothin', I went round. I was in on a big dish of beef potatoes an' raw cabbage, an' made myself at home. After I got through with that I went to dinner with a feller because it didn't cost me anything, an' eat putty hearty. Then I struck out an' eat a few apples that I slipped out of a wagon, an' then I eat a piece of cheese that I found in a saloon, just because it didn't cost anything. About this time the Old Boy commenced to overtake me, an' I dodged in here an' there, but he was too smart for me. I got dropped down, an' I hope I'll die before I get outen here, for, as I said jest now, a man that ain't got no more sense than I have ain't fit to live. When I think that I have eat myself to death jest because it didn't cost anything it makes me so mad I don't know what to do. Oh, how I do suffer all over!"—Arkansas Traveler.

## Voices of West Point Cadets.

There is a babel of voices, an odd intermingling of dialects for every section of our broad Union is there represented, and no dialects are encouraged. South Carolina boasts of a cadet from Louisiana is turned by coffee from the same area that starts the sluggish veins of the Pennsylvania Dutchman; soft voiced sons of Georgia and Kentucky elude their "r's" and swap merry badinage with a fellow whose backswell whang proclaims the "Pike" from Missouri; a scowling Californian rips out some half Spanish, half savage expostions in equal controversy with his New England rival, whose vilified flight in the possibilities of elopement is "Gosh all bencher!" and a youth whose clear blue eyes and true blond hair and skin tinged with a Norwegian from a Scandinavian district in Minnesota happens along at the instant, with the red ash of the "officer of the day" over his shoulder, and the gentleman from the Golden Gate puts a lie on his tongue forthwith.

The word of honor of the cadet is the ne plus ultra of West Point ethics; there is no going behind or beyond it. It is the first lesson taught the youngsters on joining. It is preached in wordless sermons every day and hour of his four years' course. It is the last thing of his education he is apt to forget.

Like other boys, he has his fun, his faults, his vices and his "scraps." He may violate every one of the few hundred regulations that have been evolved from year to year; he may "out" church, "run" to the Pals or other unlawful resort; he may even make a predatory incursion upon the orchards or vineyards below the Point; but even to save himself or his best friend from punishment he draws the line at one thing—he won't lie.

When a cadet says he has or has not done this or that, you can indorse the statement.—Chas. King, U. S. A., in Harper's Magazine.

## HAY FOR SALE.

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## A PROTEST AGAINST NATIONAL OUT- RAGES UPON HERALDIC ART.

The Objections of a Venerable Designer.  
His Reasons Why—The Heraldic  
Eagle in His Arms—An Appropriate  
Device.

"J. Goldborough Bruff," as he signs himself, has invited the attention of Congress to the "unprecedented irregularities" and "absurdities" of the heraldic devices adopted for seals and coins by the government.

Mr. Bruff explains that owing to a lack of knowledge this government made a false start. The art of heraldry was unknown in this country's infancy, he says, and standard works were unavailable. "In consequence thereof the new republic was unable to obtain a proper device for its national emblem until July 20, 1782, and the device then adopted of admirable symbolism, is a baseless fabric, not being based upon an escutcheon or shield, and hence we have never had a national escutcheon of heraldic arms, unprecedented in the annals of heraldry. Being thus deprived of that base, the requisite of all heraldic achievements, the government utilized a subterfuge of the arms proper, and as popularly designated the national shield or escutcheon, which it is not nor ever can be."

Having no genuine escutcheon, no basis or standard to start with, this government has gradually collected an accumulation of designs which Mr. Bruff characterizes as "ranging from indifferent and peculiar to absurd." He goes on to say:

"All nations of the civilized world have ever had an escutcheon upon their gold and silver coins, the true heraldic arms of their individual sovereignty, and with strict numismatic propriety exclude irrelevant, fanciful ideas. 'The American bald eagle' is displayed in every conceivable attitude and position, and degenerated to numerous species of the United States mint genus."

**PURE AND EASY ART.**

"The peculiar style of distributing the elements of the national arms over the faces of the coin, including mottoes and legends unregardful of significant propriety, is a remarkable art exhibition of the genius of our free institutions. Compare the dignified propriety represented in the devices upon some of the earlier coinage: Observe, a classic text with legend 'Liberty,' and reverse, the national arm as adopted, which compare with the handsome female head flanked 'Liberty,' though crowned with grain, etc., as if also to represent the goddess Ceres or Abundance, doubtless a multi-fold genius, as the motto overhead would intimate, 'E pluribus unum.' Upon close examination a small cap is seen and the redoubtable ringlets, apparently falling off. Reverse, a crucified eagle (severely) 'displayed,' minus 'the escutcheon on his breast,' or the eagle volant (without its appropriate motto, 'Ereboris'). As though disgraced with his vicissitudes and general bad treatment by the ruling powers he has discarded his 'shield of the Union,' clive branch and three arrows (typical of the thirteen) and ascends to the starry regions of purity and truth. (The square, heavy perspective is good, but why extend his legs, as storks and herons do?)

**THE MAD EAGLE.**

"In another form an enragued eagle has discovered the discarded 'American shield' prostrate in the weeds, and having picked up the arrows and branch pounces upon the dejected escutcheon, defiantly warning 'At the despoilers. Motions become legends, and legends mottoes. The Goddess of Liberty, duly labeled, rests herself upon a rock, with staff and cap and escutcheon, but looks back apprehensive of some mishap. This is another phase of the ever varying reverse. Reverse of which may be one variety (there are several of them) of the same eagle: dexter wing horizontally extended, and sinister, or left, nearly closed and vertical, and the usual distribution of stars, motto, etc. The latest absurdity, so eminently 'standard,' not in keeping with the times, is authorized by enactment, is the Gothic legend between the wings of the crucified eagle of 'In God we trust.'"

"Our patriotic fathers, in their trust in God and kept their powder dry. Oliver Cromwell had engraved upon some bronze guns 'Touch us to shewer forth thy praise, O Lord.' Too lengthy for our coin, but so applied more beneficent in diffusion of wealth. The most appropriately consistent device for embellishment of the coin of our country would be—obverse: A bust of the laureated head of the Father of His Country, with motto of Liberty. Reverse: The precise heraldic arms of the United States of America, and no other stellar ornament than the constellation crest, and no other legend than the title, value and date, and motto of arms. Such would be creditable to our nationality, and place us among the most favored nations of Christendom."—Globe Democrat.

### A Smoking Gun Incident.

A little man with gray eyes rushed into the smoking room of a Pullman car of the Chicago and Atlantic road the other day and, taking a safety match from the safe on the wall, began scratching the percussion end on the woodwork. Two bald headed men who were sitting in the compartment smiled serenely as they watched the little fellow's vain efforts to strike a light.

"You can't light one of those matches unless you strike the safety paper on the side of the safe," said one of the spectators, becoming annoyed at the rapping noise.

The "greeny" smiled complacently and said he guessed he could. Another match was rubbed along the panels of the room, then across the sole of a big right foot, and finally broken in a diagonal sweep over a pantalon leg.

"You can't do it, I tell you," repeated the same spectator, shifting his position.

"Neither do I can," replied the little man. "But you will light it in your clere."

"No, sir. Do you want to cover that bet?"

"Certainly."

"Of course," said the other spectator, speaking for himself.

Four \$5 bills were piled upon one another in a row, and then the little man took a match from the safe, walked up to the door and rubbed the percussion head along the ground, dandy glass.

The little stick burst into flame and burned rapidly as the little man picked up the four bills and walked out upon the platform to enjoy the crisp air.

After he had gone the bald headed man spoke to one another in a strange tongue.—Chicago Herald.

## BATTLE OF CHICKASAW BAYOU.

A Desperate and Gallant Charge Made by Gen. Frank Blair's Brigade.

A charge made by Gen. Frank Blair on Monday, the last and bloodiest day of the battle, was one of the most desperate and gallant feats recorded in history. Separating him from the steep bluffs occupied by the enemy was a cottonwood grove, which had been felled by the Confederates, and which was an entanglement through which an armed, unencumbered man could pass with only the greatest difficulty. On the side of the cottonwood maze, next to the enemy's position, was a deep bayou, whose opposite bank was some ten feet in height. On this bank was a series of abatis, whose pointed limbs barred the approach of a hostile force. Just beyond the abatis was the first line of rifle pits. Gen. Blair, with four regiments, was assigned to carry the position in front of him. He must make his way through the dense fallen cottonwoods, he must then descend into, cross the deep and muddy bayou, climb its steep bank beyond and then break through the deep abatis that crowned its top, where he would find himself on a level, uncovered space swept by rifle pits, scores of guns and other lines of defenses which covered the foot of the sloping bluff beyond.

One would fancy that the feat of charging across this space, every inch of which was swept by rifle and artillery, would be an utter impossibility. Mounted and in full uniform, the gallant Missourian led the charge. How he ever forced his way through the fallen timber, descended into and climbed out of the bayou, gained a passage through the abatis, and all the time covered with a tempest of shell and bullet, and escaped annihilation cannot be told. But he did it all, and accompanied by a single rifle platoon, his regiment's standard, and a few scattered fragments of the first line of warriors, he held them for a time, but, being unsupported they had to return to their original position.

Blair was a most interesting man in every respect. Tall, well formed, with a "sandy" complexion, light gray eyes, heavy mustache, clean shaved face, and a fine forehead covered with a mass of reddish hair, distinguishing in style and bearing, he was handsome and commanding. He was slow and deliberate in speech, like one accustomed to addressing large audiences; he was a valet, doing everything well, from leading a charge to unhooking a bottle, and in all instances characterized by a calm, dispassionate manner and a manner full of dignity. He never seemed to have the slightest knowledge of the composition of fear—if he did, he concealed the fact so completely that no occasion was its existence discovered. In conversation he was a polite, attentive listener, and an engaging, unassuming talker. Beneath all his outward calmness he had a tremendous force, a fact which was demonstrated by the momentum with which he threw his columns against the bristling, deadly heights of Chickasaw bayou.

### Taking Up the Thread.

A story is told of a man of a very silent disposition who, driving in his gig over a bridge, turned about and asked his servant if he liked eggs.

The man replied, "Yes, sir." Nothing more was said on the subject till the following year, when, driving over the same bridge again, the master suddenly turned again to his servant and said, "How?" to which the man promptly responded, "Poached, sir!" It is, however, as an instance of long retention of discourse, sinks into insignificance beside an anecdote of a minister of Camps, near Glasgow. It is related that the worthy pastor, one Archibald Dennison was deprived of his ministerial office in 1853, and not replaced till after the restoration. He had, before leaving his charge, begun a discourse, and finished the first lead. At his return in 1859 he took up a second division of his interrupted sermon, calmly introducing it with the remark that "the times were altered, but the doctrines of the gospel were always the same."—Chicago Herald.

### A Famous Lithographer's Beginning.

I quite often encounter in the street the father of the American Christ card. Mr. Louis Franck divides his time pretty equally between Boston and New York. He is a hale and energetic elderly gentleman, whose busy brain is constantly conceiving new ideas full of credit and profit to their originator. In 1850 he was a small lithographer in Boston. He had an establishment that did not earn a living for him. He had no capital but his intelligence, and that made his fortune.

When the war broke out he published a map of the opening of the campaign, and it sold as fast as he could print it. He made a great deal of money on war maps, and got into chromo lithography as his means improved. When dull times came instead of discharging his artists and printers he set them to work on novelties for which he made a market. The first chromo of any value published in America came from his press. He reproduced pictures by famous artists, and though he suffered heavy losses his gains were proportionately great. He grew with the time. He improved lithography in every direction, and he is to-day the master in that art of the whole world.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

### Too Cland by Half.

As John and his wife were discussing one day of their several faults, in a bantering way, said she, "Though my wit you disparage, I'm sure, my dear husband, our friends will attest this much, at the least, that my judgment is best."

Quick John, "So they said at our marriage."

—John G. Saxe.

### Undressed Kid.

Undressed kid is the favorite material for clippers, says a fashionable journal. It may be added that clippers are not the favorite material with the undressed kid.—Living Church.

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Range—North bank of Bow River, west Blackfoot Crossing. Address—Calgary, C. P. M. S. W. T. Brand—Cattle, house on right hip. Horse, house, or house on right side, also with anchor hanging from horizontal. Horses for sale.

Apply to S. S. ROSEBANK.

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### W. I. IRIN.

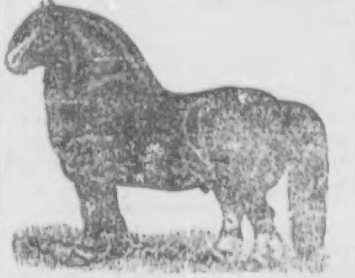
Range, High River. Address, High River. Horse brand, same as cut on high shoulder. Vent, same as brand on high hip, inverted.

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Address FA McIlhugh, Calgary. T P McIlhugh, Rathmore.

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Range, Bow River. Address, Langham. Cattle brand, same as cut on left side. Horse brand, same as on left shoulder. Also owner of cattle branded house and frog.

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North Fork, Old Man River and Beaver Creek. Brand—Cattle, W. R. on the left ribs and calves since 1884 bar on the left hip. Ear marks—Right split, left two undercuts. Vent—W. R. (Monogram) on left thigh. Horses—W. R. (Monogram) on left hip. Vent—W. R. (Monogram) on left shoulder. P. O.—P. J. Macleod, Alberta. G. W. Freid, Local Manager. Wm. Bell, V.S., Clerk of the Ranch. D. McEACHRAN, Managing Director, Montreal.

### THE NEW OXLEY

Range—Porcupine and Willow Creek. Address—H. Stanley, Porcupine, Manager, Fort Macleod, N.W.T.



### W. FODGER

Range—Little Bow. Address, High River. Cattle brand, same as cut on left ribs. Horse brand HP on left hip. Also owner of all cattle branded J L on right hip.

### BLUST & HOLMES.

Range—High River. Address—Calgary. Cattle brand, same as cut on left side. Also some of cattle branded O Y on left side. Horse brand, same as cut on left shoulder.

### ISIDOREWICK & LEATHAM.

Range—Between Middle and North Forks of the Main River. Address—Fort Macleod, S. R. T. Vent—Brand inverted (house of cattle house) on left side. Calves—Smallow Park on left ear. Horse brand—A on left hip. Horse vent—Same on left shoulder.

### P. O. S. Y. S. H. O. Y.

Range, Big Lake and Little Bow. Address, Calgary. Brand, same as cut.

### THE COCHRANE RANCHO COMPANY, Limited.

President, Hon. M. E. Cochrane. Vice-Pres., James A. Cochrane. Sec.-Treasurer, J. M. Brewster. Underbill out of left ear of calves branded up to 1884.

Double dewlap on calves branded after 1884. Vent—Inverted C on left side. Horse Vent—Inverted R on left hip. Range between Kootenai and Belly River. Address—W. H. Hargreaves, Fort Macleod, N. W. T. Also owners of cattle with double dewlap and square and compass on right hip.

### SOMERSET & PICARD.

Range—Elbow River. Address—Calgary. Cattle and horse brand—S P on left fore shoulder.

### J. D. LAUDER.

Range—Elbow River. Address—Calgary. Vent—Bar river brand.

### STEWART RANCHO, (LIMITED).

Range—Pincher Creek, near Fort Macleod. Address—Fort Macleod, N.W.T. Owners of cattle and horses branded 4 on left hip, and cattle T connected on left hip. Ear marks—Right ear cropped, left ear underbit. Horse brand—SC on left shoulder.

### W. SKRINE.

Range, High River. Address, High River. Cattle brand, same as cut on right ribs. Vent, same as cut on right hip.

### LITTLE BOW RANCHO CO.

Range, Little Bow and Moosehide Creek. Cattle brand, same as cut on left ribs. Horses, left crook. Horse brand same as motto on high thigh. Vent, same on off shoulder.

### A. C. SPARROW.

Range between Elbow River and Fish Creek. Address, J. T. Cable, Calgary. Range, between the mouths of Pine Creek and High River. Horse brand, same as cut on off shoulder. Vent, same as brand on off hip.

### BOW PARK RANCHO.

Address, J. T. Cable, Calgary. Range, between the mouths of Pine Creek and High River. Horse brand, same as cut on off shoulder. Vent, same as brand on off hip. Cattle brand, same as cut. If Vent, same brand reversed close under brand. Well broke driving and saddle horses always on hand for sale.

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PERSIA'S RAGGED REGIMENTS

Shabby Soldiers of the Shah—Thieving Officers and Their Plunder.

The Persian soldier, even on state occasions, presents generally a rather ludicrous appearance. His uniform is of cotton cloth and mostly of a deep blue color. It is made of what we call shirting, and when new is very suitable clothing in a warm country. But soon the military buttons begin to disappear and are replaced by substitutes of all sorts, shapes, colors and sizes. The hair disappears from the warrior's sheepskin shako, which quickly grows shabby on account of his habitually using it as a pillow. Moreover, the foot coverings of no two men in the regiment are alike, and the whole crew presents a melancholy appearance.

But yet the Persian soldier does the best he can. Previous to a review or festival parade he may be seen carefully preparing a plume of white feathers, procured from the most domestic fowl, and binding them to a piece of stick. When this martial plume has attained the size of a lampbrush he triumphantly affixes it to a shako. On the occasion of official illuminations composite candles are served out by the local governor at the rate of one to each man. The colonel has, of course, a greater number of men on his list than ever make an appearance; he keeps the difference. The other officers appropriate half the remaining candles. The non-commissioned officers cut it, i. e. steal a certain proportion, and at length one candle is served out to every five men. This is divided into five portions, a new stick is inserted, and when the regiment is paraded, at a given signal a box of matches is passed round, and the regiment triumphantly presents arms with a lighted candle in each man's moustache per general order.

The pay of the Persian soldier is nominally seven tomans (\$2.15) per annum and rations. He is lucky if he gets half his pay, which does not reach him till it has passed through the hands of many persons, his superiors. But his rations of three and a half pounds of bread a day are quite another matter. If his rations are tampered with the soldier mutinies at once, and there is the atrocity of which the Persian soldier is capable. —R. JAMES GAZETTE.

An Astonished Indian.

"They tell me a story about Geronimo," said a man from Arizona at the Palmer house yesterday. "While the Apaches were raiding the ranches in the foothills of New Mexico they captured a white man who had false teeth, a glass eye and a cork leg. The unfortunate fellow was dragged into the hills where the Indians were encamped and strapped to a tree to die. Just before dusk Geronimo happened to pass the prisoner, who had succeeded in releasing one of his arms from the leather strap which bound him to the tree.

"Ugh!" grunted the big Apache chief, punching the white man with the muzzle of his Winchester.

"The prisoner thrust his fingers into his mouth, removed his teeth and shook them in the face of the Apache. Thud! he replaced the plates as quickly as he had removed them, and, plucking out his glass eye, began polishing it on his knee. Geronimo had seen a good many things in his life, but the sight of a man removing his teeth and eyes at will was enough to make the savage's hair stand on end. Without waiting to strip the prisoner of his clothes, as was their custom, the Apache released the nerved fellow, and, putting him astride a horse, fairly begged him to leave the camp. The settler needed no second bidding; he rode a few yards out into the opening, when, to the horror of the savages, who had been watching his flight, he pulled off his cork leg and waved it above his head. It is said, on good authority, that this is the first instance on record where the superintention of an Apache got the better of his knife. —Chicago Tribune.

His Salary Didn't Go Up.

"I had been working for three years for one of our old time wholesale houses," said a dealer who was cutting up reminiscences, and I finally concluded that I ought to have a raise of salary. I began on \$4 per week and was raised to \$5, but there it had stuck for two years. The head man of the firm was a cold, stiff, austere man, who seldom recognized an employee and was known to be hard hearted. I hesitated a long time before daring to approach him on the subject nearest to my heart, but one day I did into the private office when I knew he was alone.

"Well, sir," he said, "out, short as pie cut."

"I-I came to—"

"Come to what, sir?"

"I-I came to ask you if you—you didn't think—"

"See, here, William," he said as he wheeled around on his swivel chair and looked at me, "if my daughter loves you, and you love her, I've no objection to your marriage. Fix it up between you and don't bother me again."

"The old reynard! He had a daughter, but I had never spoken to her in my life, and he knew it. He answered me the way he did to stop me from asking for a raise of salary. It was a year and a half after that before I was lifted to \$5 per week. —Detroit Free Press.

Possible Causes of Discontent.

It is the little kindness—it is the little cruelty—that makes and mars all the human relations. It is the personal interest—it is the personal neglect—out of which the universal order of disorder grows. Who knows how far the public discontent has been fed by that \$42,000 span with which you drove post horses from those windows in the too poor to buy the air of heaven watched you daily? How far will it be affected by the cost of a toilet, as reported by the Monday recreation, of which the starving wives of drenched fishermen will read in the local paper on a Sunday night? How far by the water woman whom I forgot to pay? Or the shop girl to whom you refused the change to sit down from dawn to dark? Or the seamstress whom we underpaid? Or the sick clerk to whom we gave no vacation? Or the tramp to whom we were surly? Or the old fellow selling tissue paper flowers on whom we cast a look of disgust or contempt? Somewhere the hurrying life has driven too fast around a corner. Somewhere somebody's rights or sensibilities have been a trifle over. Somewhere—somewhere there has come "the little bit." —Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Courier-Journal.

THE FRANCE TIREURS.

The Corps of "Free Shooters" Which Gloried in Their Irregularity.

Between Laon and Rheims I passed through Châlons and Epervay, at which place I saw, for the first time, the France Tireurs, or free shooters, a corps to which I must devote a few lines by way of description. The corps was, in the most comprehensible possible meaning of the word, irregular. The men who composed it were not only irregular in everything they did, but appeared to glory in their irregularity. They seemed to have very few officers, and the few they had were seldom, if ever, to be seen on duty with the men. The latter had evidently souls above obedience, for they did very much what they liked, and in the manner they liked. They evidently hated the regular army, and the latter returned the compliment with interest.

When at Epervay I witnessed a skirmish between a battalion of regular infantry and a small party of German Uhlans, who were evidently feeling their way and trying to find out what was the strength of the French troops there. The officer commanding the French outpost behaved with great judgment, trying by retreating his men to draw on the Uhlans and find out their numbers. He had almost succeeded in cutting the enemy in two, and had managed to hide the strength of his detachment, when all at once a body of France Tireurs came up, and with out waiting, or even asking for orders, they began at once to blaze away at the Germans, causing the latter to retreat. The officer commanding was very angry, and sent orders to the irregulars that they were to cease firing forthwith; but they took no notice of what was said, many of them declaring in a loud voice that the regulars were playing the game of the enemy, and did not want any of the latter to be defeated or killed. When an attempt was made to find out who was in command of the France Tireurs no such person could be found, and on an order being given that the commanding officer would cause an official inquiry to be made into the conduct of the irregulars the whole corps, not less than 500 strong, vanished and dispersed, so that they could no more be found. —All The Year Round.

Charles Sumner's Study.

Charles Sumner's study, in the second story of his residence at the corner of H and Fifteenth streets, was a paradise in the estimation of bibliophiles or persons of a fine art education. To one fortunate enough to gain an entree it appeared a most impossible thing to bring order out of the great chaos of books, pamphlets, manuscripts, newspapers and waste baskets prevailing in the room. The walls were hung with very choice engravings and photographs, of which Mr. Sumner was an ardent admirer, having in his possession one of the most extensive and valuable collections in the country. The situation of the study was very cheerful, and the furniture was rich without being gaudy. Here and there portions of lounges could be detected amidst the mass of books and papers, while occasionally a moderately clear view in perspective could be obtained of a full length chair.

If asked to "take a seat" a visitor would find it no easy matter to comply, and if he attempted to sit down without an invitation he would be wonderfully surprised with the sudden growth of the furniture. It would require numerous experiments for one to learn through how many inches of official letters he would have to plunge in order to reach the inkstand or paper center. Here one found a simile to the "Tomb of the Unknown Soldier" which could call before his authorities on civil, ecclesiastical, military, naval and social matters, and have them repeat again the truths with which his speeches were fortified and sharpened. —Boston Herald.

POSSIBILITIES OF MISHAPS.

What McClellan Said of Grant's Good Luck—Porter in a Balloon.

The possibilities of what might have been gave at all times been an interesting speculation to historical writers. It has been gravely written that the nod of a peasant's head changed the destiny of the world on the field of Waterloo by consooling from Napoleon the impossible condition of a smitten road. Gen. McClellan, in his recently published memoirs, has contributed to history some interesting studies of the character. When McClellan came into prominence early in the war, Grant sought him in Cincinnati to ask him as an old army acquaintance to give him employment. The general says he would have done something for him, but he was away, and before his return Grant had been made colonel of an Illinois regiment. "This was his good luck," says McClellan. "For had I been there I would no doubt have given him a place on my staff, and he would probably have remained with me and shared my fate."

From all which it appears that the apparently trifling fact of an Ohio general missing his train in the early days of 1861 might have placed the most conspicuous figure of the civil war in a position where he would never have been known. A skeptical mind might, however, suggest that from the point of view of 1861 the small fact that the Ohio general did not miss the train kept Grant out of a position from which he might have succeeded to the command of the army of the Potomac without the tedious process of burying himself in a host of Illinois colonels, going through a series of western ventures and mishaps, and only reaching the east after a dozen others had been tried and displaced.

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## THE "ANGEL MAKER" OF TEXAS.

The Deadly Contrivance Devised to Stop the Practice of Fence Cutting.

During the course of a conversation Mr. Wrenn became confidential, and this is his story: "I have solved the question of fence cutting in Texas to a certainty, and in less than three months you will never hear of a wire fence being molested."

"In what manner do you propose to stop Mr. Wrenn?" was asked.

"I will show you," he answered, and opening a large valise he took out a queer looking object, and continued: "Here is the 'angel maker,' patented and guaranteed to kill and demolish wire fences cutters in ten minutes than you can haul off in a freight car."

The "angel maker," as Mr. Wrenn has facetiously christened his terrible production, is simply a pear-shaped, hollow bomb made of cast iron. The casting is one-eighth of an inch thick, and the small end can be unscrewed, showing a cavity capable of holding something over a pint. After unscrewing the top and showing the empty bomb, Mr. Wrenn continued: "I manufactured the first of these bombs during the summer, but I was not able to put them on the market until a few weeks ago, since which time I have sold in Texas alone over a quarter of a million bombs. They are operated thus: The top is unscrewed and the bomb filled with an explosive gelatine, also manufactured by me, a compound that is much stronger than dynamite. This compound will only explode by a heavy shock, either by electricity or otherwise. At the top of the lid is a small aperture where the cap or exploder is inserted. To this little knob a very fine copper wire is attached and cut off at any desired length. The owner of the fence makes an excavation twelve or eighteen inches deep about every 100 yards along the line of his fence, usually near the post, and places an 'angel maker' in each hole. He then runs the fine wire up the post in order to conceal it, and fastens it to the bottom wire of the fence. The bomb is utterly harmless up to now. He then moves a little screw half an inch to the right, which presses the cap firmly down into the gelatine. He replaces the dirt in the hole and conceals it with trash.

"The fence cutter will never see the little wire coming out of the ground, but with his snippers will clip the barbed wire. When he cuts the wire it always jerks violently toward the post, being tightly stretched. This easily explodes the gelatine cap. One of these 'angel makers' placed eight or ten inches under ground will blow out an excavation like a cellar and hard rock and dirt hundreds of feet in every direction. The concussion alone will kill man or beast within sixty feet, and a man within seventy-five yards will be very likely to escape unharmed. At an experiment made near Little Rock a stone weighing over 100 pounds was blown 150 feet. The destructive force of this gelatine is terrific. I have corresponded with many men in Texas who have suffered from fence cutters, and nearly all have given me orders, and the bombs are being shipped in a harmless form all over the state. I do not have the least doubt of fence cutting stopping just as soon as the fence cutters understand the danger they face. Of course some few will go ahead, and will be blown into mince meat, but their friends will soon 'catch on' to the racket, so to speak, and then fence cutting will be at an end."—Fort Worth Cor. New York

## How Pickwick Languished.

For the first five months of its existence Charles Dickens' first serial, "The Pickwick Papers," was a signal failure. The average sale was only about fifty copies of each of the five parts. Commercially, therefore, the publication was a decided failure. The publishers seriously debated whether they ought not to discontinue it; but while the question was under consideration Sam Weller, who had been introduced in the previous number, began to attract great attention and to call forth much admiration.

The press was all but unanimous in praising Sam as entirely an original character whom nobody but a great genius could have invented; and all of a sudden, in consequence of Sam's popularity, "The Pickwick Papers" rose to unheard-of favor. The back numbers were ordered to a large extent, and of course all idea of discontinuing was abandoned. By the time the twelfth number was reached the publishers were so gratified with the success to which the work had now attained that they sent Mr. Dickens a check for £500. At its conclusion the sale had reached about 40,000 copies per number. The publishers, it was understood at the time, made a clear profit of nearly £20,000, after paying Dickens £2,500—about Free Press.

## A Novelist's Birthplace.

A handsome brick house near Martinsboro, Tenn., standing on an eminence that overlooks the Tennessee River, is pointed out as the birthplace of Miss Mary M. Murfree, who, as Charles Egbert Smith, has been so successfully successful in literature. The house was built by the young lady's grandfather, one among the first men of the day, and was for years his home. And it is probable that, three, or even as in the case of the famous painter, the line, faint marks of light and shade that enter so largely into her work. For the camp of two great artists, in the county is pretty well denuded of its timber, and from the Martinsboro house the eye sweeps over miles and miles, and at last rests on a ruin of a hill that rises from the county line—New York

## Training a Trick Dog.

"Does it take you a long time to train dogs?"

"A clever dog can be trained to do a number of good tricks in a few months. Among fox terriers and pointers, especially females, I have found the largest number of clever dogs. It is advantageous to begin, while they are still pups. For the first thing you want to teach a dog is his name, and you can teach that to a pup. Next in order comes the jump. Simply stand on the other side of the obstacle with a tempting morsel of food, and do not let the dog have it if he runs under the obstacle. Begging, standing and walking on the hind legs are also taught with the aid of a morsel of food. He is going up the ladder. Simply put the morsel on one of the rungs far enough from the ground to compel the dog to climb up a few rungs. Then place it higher and higher. When he has once learned to go up the ladder it is merely a question of a little while before he learns the other tricks."—Chicago Democrat's later view.

## RECENT REVIVAL OF MINIATURE PORTRAITURE AMONG AMATEURS.

Soup Plates that Bear the Impress of Beauty and Dishes Decorated With the Heads of the Pretty Girls of the Family.

The young New York woman has found a new amusement. She paints on china—not the sort of painting on china that was the rage during the first years of the great American renaissance of art succeeding the centennial; she no longer decorates her mamma's soup plates with a cluster of cat tails that resembles nothing on earth so much as a bunch of sausages hung up on a green string. She paints her mamma's portrait on the plate, so that when papa eats his dinner he finds a slice of rare beef reclining on his better half's plump cheek and her well preserved locks plentifully strewn with green peas, while her right eye regards him tenderly through a film of gravy.

This is one of the phases of an endeavor to return to the lost art of miniature painting which fell into innocuous desuetude when the reign of the daguerreotype began—that charming method of catching immortality still to be found in country parlors. Little brown leather cases fastened with two little hooks, in which papa and mamma sit hand in hand with a smile of vacuous amiability, waiting to be "looked" and embossed to hand down his big collar and her crimoline to an affectionate posterity who have to figure around with the light to catch a glimpse of them at all.

LATELY INTRODUCED. Whenever Americans go to Sevre or Dresden they order portraits of themselves or their friends painted on porcelain. It is this art of porcelain miniature that has lately been introduced here by Miss Smith, who is a graduate of the Cincinnati School of Porcelain Painting, and has studied in both Sevre and Dresden. Classes of young women study under her and are learning to produce the sort of porcelain portrait for which it was formerly necessary to go abroad. These are in many respects very satisfactory. They lack some of the exquisite softness and purity of tone given by the old ivory grounds, but they have the advantage of being practically indestructible. The life of any painting on canvas is easily calculated, but a portrait on china is very nearly immortal, time and exposure to light have no effect upon it, and after 1,000 years it would be as fresh and pure in tint as the day it came from the kiln.

These porcelain miniatures can be made of any size, from a head a fifth of life size on a plate or plaque to tiny productions on bits of china not larger than a silver quarter of a dollar. It is said that one lovely young female here, whose head has been photographed from every point of the compass and in every pose, made a well known bachelor a handsome dressing gown, whose every button was painted with one of the many portraits of herself, and she painted them with her own clever fingers, making very excellent likenesses of herself on every button.

There are two methods of painting these miniatures. The French, which is almost entirely stippled, much of it requiring to be done under a magnifying glass. This is necessitated by the weakness of the French colors, which stand but two firings. The other, the German method, as used in the Dresden factories, is much less difficult and the pictures are done by a series of washes, the German colors standing any number of firings to the kiln. This latter method Miss Smith finds the favorite one with her pupils, as the results are so much more rapid and the work less fatiguing. For her own portraits she used a combination of both manners and finds the fusion of the two very successful.

SOME CHARMING PORTRAITS. Numbers of fashionable women have taken up this new fancy, and, as a result, have made some charming portraits of their own babies, which are set as brooches or in bracelets, children's heads, with their soft curves and delicate tints, lending themselves effectively to this work. One mother, whose quiver is full, has a bracelet in which the tiny heads of her five babies are set, and it makes a charming adornment for her plump white wrist.

These miniatures are not always so small, however. The favorite size is a small square plate of porcelain about the size of an ordinary photograph, and framed in flush they are a very desirable form of preserving the features of one's self and friends. The Americans had at one time a great reputation, immediately before and after the Revolution, for their miniature painters, and the only brand of the best quality of the porcelain is still frequently found in use of those who make little ivory portraits. Copy and original, both did excellent work in that line, and later Rembrandt was well known for his exquisite work on ivory. It was a great favorite in the north before the war and used to travel there every winter, getting commissions. Even yet there could be found in many southern houses specimens of his fine work and impeccable testimony to the features of the women of a past generation.

One curious phase this revived art takes is the fancy for immortalizing some one's features. Women will have the miniature painted on porcelain of a very early husband or a rival, white doublets, a peacock, a rose, a carnation, long smooth, red hair. But the winner of the dead monarch of Guatemala, has had her superbly painted even painted, the rest of the face entirely skinned in a black lace mantilla. A society woman here has had her velvet cloak reproduced, with its deep and lovely tints, which has caused much with one of her husband in the interests of her fortunate life.—New York World.

## What the Nettle Meant.

Years ago one of the masters in the High school of Edinburgh had the reputation of punishing unmercifully the boys whose parents were comparatively poor and being at the same time very lenient toward the sons of the richer classes. One day, after severely punishing one of the unfortunates, he wound up with the exclamation:

"Now, sir, you're a stupid fellow. I don't suppose you even know the Latin motto of this school."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Well, what is it?"

"Nisi dominus frustra."

"Now give the English of that."

"Unless you are a lord's son you needn't come here."

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